FROM NEW YORK. Leave Barclay Street-6.30, 7.20, 8.10, 2.30, 10.1 11.20 a m, 12.40, *1.20, 2.10 3.40, 4.20, 4.50, 5.30, 6.20, 7.00, 8.30, 10.00, 11,30 p m. Leave Newark for Bloomfiel 1-6.20, 6.40, 7.15 7.53, 8.43, 10.03, 11.03, 11.53, a.m., 1.13, *1.53, 2.44, 4.13, 5,26, 6.03, 6.53, 7.40, 9.03, 10.38 p.m., 12.08 a.m. *Saturdays only. Nore-Leave Christopher street 5 minutes later than time given above.

. Does not stop at Newark.

New	York	& Gre	enw	boo	Lake	R. R.
Leave'N, Y., Chambers at	Leave North Newark.	Arrive at Bicomfield.		Leave Bleemfleld.	Leave Sobo.	Leave North Newark.
AM	AM	AM		AM	AM	
6 00	6 42	6 43		5 37		
9 00	9 33	9 39		7 06		
12 00	12 36.	12 43	10	7 56	7 59	-8 06
PM	PM	-PM				
2 00	2 33	2 40		8 29		
3 40	4 13	4 19		8 56		
4 40	. 5 17	5 23		10 28		
2.1	3.3	1000		PM	PM	
5 10	5.44	5 50	*	1 38		
5 40	6 17	6 23		3 18		
6 20	6 57	7 03		4 54		
8 00	8 33	-		6 34	6 37	6 41
	AM.	AM	**	-	. 2.	A . I.
12 00	12 31	12 38		9 28	9 31	9 35

sunday Trains to New York, leave Bloomfiel at 8 08 A M and 7 12 P M. BLOOMFIELD POST OFFICE.

Mails Close and Arrive as Follows ARRIVE: 5:30 PM HORACE DODD.

THE TWO SPIES.

NATHAN HALE AND JOHN ANDRE.

Nathan Hale, the American spy of the Revolution, and John Andre, the English spy, had many characteristics in common. Both were well educated and accomplished; the former was graduated at Yale with the highest honors, was an excellent debater and a fine classical scholar; the latter stadied at the University of Geneva, and afterward showed considerable literary and artistic talent. Both were noble specimens of physical manhood; the American was nearly six feet high, broad-chested, muscular, with rosy complexion, blue eyes, soft brown hair and a musical voice; the Englishman was handsome, genial, magnetic. Both were brave, cool and self-possessed in the time of danger and in the hour of death. Hale, when met by the challenge, "Surrender or die," was calm an tunffinching. Andre, when arrest ed, and when he had vainly tried to bribe his captors, was composed. Hale, without a shudder of trepidation, stood on the ladder of death-"the method employed at military executions at that time was to place a ladder against the gallows beam or limb, cause the pris oner to ascend it a few feet, and at a given signal turn the ladder and leave the victim suspended."

Andre, without a tremor, mounted the baggage wagon which bore his plain pine coffin, and was standing beneath the gallows. He did not quiver or turn pale, although he knew that in a few moments the wagon would be driven from under his feet Hale with his last breath exclaimed "I regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." Andre, about to die, bowed courteously to General Greene and his officers, and calmly said, "All I request of you, gentlemen, is that while I tacknowledge the propriety of my sentence, you will bear me witness that I die like a brave every way to the daughter

forty five feet high, and costing about to the memory of Hale. On the four | Harte for fellows of that sort, you know, sides of the pedestal are these sentences:- "Captain Nathan Hale, 1776." "Born at Coventry, June 6, 1755." "Died at New York, September 22, 1776." "I regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

agus of marble near the Poet's Corner, erected by order of King George the Third, to honor Andre's memory. On Andre Hill, at Tappan on the Hudson, is a solid and substantial monumental stone of Quincy granite, erectby a distinguished citizen of New York. It bears this epitaph, written by the late Dean Stanley:- "Here died, October 2, 1780. Major John Andre, of the British Army, who, entering the American lines on a secret mission to Benedict Arnold, for the surrender of West Point, was taken prisoner, tried and condemned as a spy. His death, though according to the stern rule of war, moved even his enemies to pity; and both armies mourned the fate of one so young and so brave. In 1821 some park or lake high up in the hills, and stay there all day, climbing to all sorts of rocky places, for she was venturesome, his remains were removed to Westminster Abbey. This stone was placed above the spot where he lay, by a citizen of the United States, against which he fought, not to perpetuate the record of strife, but in token of these better feelings which have since united two nations-one in race, in language and in religion-with the hope that the friendly union will never be broken.". On the north side of the stone are these words:-

"He was more unfortunate than criminal. An accomplished man and

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

Two efforts were made to destroy this monument by dynamite or nitroglycerine. They shattered the pedestal, but did not injure the shaft.

The verbose inscription of Dean Stanley is in striking contrast to the simple one on the monument of Hale. Its guarded phraseology covertly conveys a eulogium on the British spy.

Doubtless it was the epitaph, not the stone, that stirred the inalice of the miscreants who sought to demolish the structure. Mr. Lossing says events were to be commemorated by this stone, and not the name or character of any individual. But the name and character of a certain individual are made very prominent in this inter-national requiem. We are told that this stone is no more a monument in honor of Major Andre, the British spy, than was the monument of white marble, twenty-five feet in height, which was erected by patriotic men, in 1853, to mark the spot at Tarrytown where the spy was captured, or the haming of the riverlet near which it stood, "Andre Brook."

No one objects to historical landmarks, or names to perpetuate the remembrace of great events. The Tappan stone with a simple inscription, stating that on that spot Andre was buried, would have offended no one. It was impolitic to call upon an Endishman to write the epitaph, and it was injudicious in him to laud his unfortunate countryman and to make the audation the prelude of pleasant platitudes about the reciprocal good will

Mr. Lossing remarks that Mr. Cvrus W. Field, who gave the monument, had purchased many acres around it, not speak to him. He threw himself with a view of making a beautiful park within which he should erect a fireproof building for the use of the Rockland County Historical and Forestry Society, the building to be presented to the society, and the park to the citizens as a free gift, but the outrages on the memorial stone may frustrate this generous plan. It is to be hoped that the ominous prediction contained in this last clause may not be fulfilled. The public gratefully appreciate the generosity and the patrictic intention of Mr. Field. It awards to him the full meed of praise for his deed of beneficence, although it reserves to itself the right to criticize the propriety of the laudatory and cumbersome epitaph inscribed on the mortuary shrine of the

HARTE.

Come over here. I like this corner of he porch best. It's coolest here, and I ke to see the vast brown hulk of the peak yonder just over the foothills. Look at the old fellow! Harte! Twas twelve, yes, thirteen years ago. Harte's hair wasn't white then, and those red fibers weren't in his cheeks, either. You thought im so handsome yesterday, and he is, too. Well, when I first knew Harte he was handsomer, but that something wasn't in his face. Handsome, and clever, too, a gay, open handed, open hearted fellow, with plenty of good parts. The old colonel only half liked him though, from the first, Harte and he were too different. I guess your 'like in dif-

ference" doesn't work in those cases. You see, the old man's solid, sturdy integrity found something repugnant to it in Harte's volatile brilliantness: But he never said anything when he saw how surely Ada's heart set on it. A stern old man, and self asserting; but he let his girl rule him like wax. It wasn't so with the mother when she was alive, and it seemed, some way, as though he tried to make atonement for tholding his will too straight with the dead wife by bending

I say he never said anything in opposition to Harte-but it happened that he At Coventry, Conn., a monument learned of a little piece of business of had thought for, I guess. Nothing at all thirty-seven hundred dollars, is erected desperate—one of those evidences of moral tablets of rubber-they can twist them into such astonishing shapes and never

You can guess how that would appear to the colonel, though, as ruggedly, massively upright as that peak. The thought his dear girl's life was to be sacrificed to ach a mask was more than even the In Westminster Abbey is a sarcoph old man could bear. He used to look down at her sometimes with such mournresolution and he spoke his full mind to her. The girl had plenty of will of her own: there was a scene between them before it was over with, and the upshot of it was that she and Harte were married

> They came out here on their wedding trip. Harte had a little money, and I suppose wanted to get her away from the colonel in the first place, for Harte's intellect was too subtle not to feel the unspoken contempt the old man cherished

She was a beautiful girl, one of the sweetest little women that ever lived. A little petulant and willful, and perhaps as far spoiled as such a nature could be, but good enough still for any man to worship. And Harte did worship her. He had no eye, nor ear, nor tongue for anything but just her. The mountains and glens were

only shadowy backgrounds to him. They went everywhere about here. They used to take a lunch and drive away to and never content until they had toiled up

to some crazy, dizzy lookout.

The place he liked best, though, and where they oftenest went, was the falls up the canyon here-you know the place where the stream leaps over the smooth edge of the cliff and dashes square against the face of the rock below. It doesn't look large, but it rushes down there tremendously. She and Harte and I strolled out there one afternoon-such another perfect afternoon as this. I don't know why, perhaps because I had known them all so long, but the talk turned on her father, and Harte walked a little apart, but in hearing still, while she and I talked of him. Of course, I knew of his opposition to their marriage, and she spoke freely to me of that, and feelingly, too. She said it grieved her to think she had to displease him so, but she was very happy, and could not have chosen otherwise; very, very happy, she said, but sometimes it seemed half sinful to her to

be so happy and contented, when her father

was so unhappy over it. But he will feel different by and by, she said, brightening, when he knows Harte better. She said

she felt very sure of that. Harte's face had a little clouded, and she went from my side to his, taking his hand in both hers and looking up into his face as we walked along, all of us in quieter mood than usual. Little was said after that, and the cloud went from Harte's face in a few moments. I think we were all three as serenely happy as people ever are, and when we reached the bend in the road, just beyond which was the falls. Ada half stooped and raised her face to Harte; he stopped and kissed her. can never forget that; I thought at that moment if there ever were two fully

happy beings these were they. Just then we came in sight of the falls The stream had swollen over night, and it was roaring grandly, the spray flying high upon the cliff. Ada clapped her hands and ran ahead as impetuous as a child. There is a sharp ascent, you know, and then a little decline to the stream's bank above the fall. Ada, running ahead, had disappeared on the other side of the ridge before Harte and I came to it. We clambered up more leisurely, and when we gained the height Ada was below, on the brink of the torrent, peering down Harte called to her not to stand so

near; she turned and made a little saucy grimace, we fifty yards away, and on the instant sprang for a perilous crag, jutting a mere foot above the water and ten feet from the brink of the fall. My heart leaped into my throat, and Harte shouted. She gained her footing though, and turned to wave her hand at us, then a false step, a sudden sweep of the wind down the canyon, a rush of water over the rock, perhaps a swift dizziness, we never knew, but there was a shrick, piercing the roar, a second's whirl of two wild arms in the rushing water, and while I stood paralyzed Harte was leaping down the rocks to the foot of the fall. I shouted now and leaped after him. When I reached the bottom, how I will never know, for I think a cat would break her

from rock to rock. He found her a hundred feet below the fall, where the bowlders half block the channel. The water was beating her back and forth against the rocks, a horrible stain floating down from her head. Stone dead when he found her, rushing through the water up to his waist and carrying her to the shore.

neck there. Harte was ahead still flying

I came up with him here, but I dared down, straining the wet form to his and shook her with all his might, glaring into her eyes, and shrieked: "Speak to me. Ada! Ada!" then laid her down, moaning; then took the poor crushed head in his arms and laid his cheek I set out for town to get a carriage. Twas only a little way, yet it seemed to

Finally I turned the corner of the hotel this road right here at our feet, and the first thing I saw, standing right on that step there, smiling as his eyes met mine, was the old colonel. I caught at the trellis here and kept

me impossible to drag my limbs along the

myself from falling; then, for the only time in my life, though I've been on a dozen battle fields, I fainted. When I came to, the old man had gone where I could guess without asking any questions. I crawled around to this corner

of the porch, where I could look up the canyon and watch for them, for hours I thought; yet when the carriage came slowly th sight it seemed but the winking of an eye since I had left her nrst. The old man held her in his arms, his face white and stern. The driver went at a snail's pace, going so carefully over the least little rut or stone as though tender of that senseless burden. I saw at the first glance that Harte was not in the carriage, and was on the point

of rising to go in search of him when I caught sight of his figure plodding along in the dust behind the carriage. When those in the carriage found Harte lying by her side, she not more deathly quiet, he had risen up and faced first, the old man. I suppose even in his wildness Harte felt sympathy for the father's grief; perhaps, too, a flashing contrition, knowing the old man, in his own mind, must hold him accountable for it; so he suffered him to pick her up and lay her in the carriage, then to climb in after her and motion the driver to turn back, for they saw in an instant there was no need of surgery, and when they set out Harte did not offer to enter the carriage. He followed behind on foot, but there was a hard determination in his haggard face. The old man sprang out, lifting her after him, and carried her in his arms up the thinking to help him, for the old man's strength seemed hardly equal to the burden. But he had gone on without me and

laid her on the bed. I would have gone back then, but just as I was turning Harten stepped by me and into the chamber. He took his place by her head near the old man, and the two confronted each other. I would have withdrawn then if I had had the wit, but I saw what might come and felt in a dull, aching way such a desire to help them both, without knowing what to do, that I stayed and stared like a helpless imbecile. Harte stood just at her head, as white and hard as marble, bolt upright and looking straight into the colonel's eyes. The colonel looked astonishment at first. I think Harte's face was like a revelation to him. He had gone to get his girl and considered Harte at all his thoughts had brushed him contemptuously aside; he had only thought of him as a shuffling weakling who had in some mysterious way laid a spell upon his daughter. Of course that was all over now-he could not even keep her when he had got her. 'His great grief now, though; this man had stolen her away, but he would take his girl back

Those two looked into each other's white faces a moment in silence; then Harte advanced an inch's space and cried hoarsely: "Did not she choose? She is mine

His cry ended in a wailing sob, and he beat his fist against his breast; but there was no weakness in the cry-rather it was one so full of wild and desperate strength that no man could have heard it and doubted his ownership in the dead girl. The old man did not. He looked at Harte a full minute, then slowly left the room, turning to look at him still as he went.

They have never met since, but I know the old colonel doesn't feel toward Harte as he did before that time. It doesn't seem so hard to him now that she should have left him; for he can understand-as who could not, hearing that wild crywhat drew her from him, what she could see in the man he thought so despicable. But Harte-well, the old man went back, and she was buried up there in the glen, a beautiful place. And Harte, poor fellow, he haunted the place for days; it seemed he must go mad. He, of course, thought to go away, but he could not bear to leave her when it came to really going. They found him last night in the rain up there in the glen, thrown down upon

her grave, with his cheek pressed against

it. They always look for him there. -Will Payne in New York News. Large Checks and Small. When Jay Gould scribbled off a check for \$1.500,000 to pay Tom Allen for the Iron Mountain road it was thought to be the largest individual check ever written. Gould wrote it on a sheet of note paper. John B. Alley once dashed off a check for \$400,000 and gave it to Senator Dorsey for half interest in the senator's cattle ranch. There are several United States government checks for one cent, to square up ac-counts, in existence.—Chicago Herald.

Largest Fancy Goods House in New Jersey

THE BEEHIVE.

L. S. PLAUT & CO. 715 to 719 Broad street, NEWARK, N. J.

OPENING OF OUR

MONDAY, JANUARY 17,

GREATER SCALE than Ever Before.

As has been our usual custom for the past five years to offer the trading public of New Jersey opportunities to buy the greater portion of our Stock, all desirable merchandise, at

Sacrifice from Regular Prevailing Prices.

In order to fully introduce our New Departments and show the trading community the many advantages gained by a visit to the BEEHIVE, we have doubled our efforts in making this A MOST GIGANTIC SALE. We have personally been through each of our Fifty Departments and marked down goods, all regular lines, and desirable, as you can readily see by our advertisement,

To Actual Cost, and in most cases below cost. Although a Great Financial Loss to us, our heavy stock must be unloaded.

I Da Calas AMMAI PALÄAM 2916 101, 199,

To Positively CLOSE on January 29th.

Two Bargain Weeks! Two Bargain Weeks!

Bargain Weeks!

The fact of our holding this sale for two consecutive weeks should not leter those, wishing first choice, from coming at once, as we cannot guarantee how long any item advertised may last; but you have our word that we have them there. They are at the disposal of our patrons.

We occupy One Whole Page of the Newark Sunday Call on Jan. 16th, to enumerate the many Bargains which we offer at our Great Bargain Sale. Even with this space we could not begin to relate all the Bargains we shall offer in our ANNUAL CLEARING SALE BEFORE INVENTORY.

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS

OFFRED IN EVERY ONE OF OUR FIFTY DEPARTMENTS. journey to the BEEHIVE will pay well at any time of the year, but IT WILL MORE THAN PAY A LONG JOURNEY to wisit us during SALE

L. S. PLAUT & CO. 715, 717 & 719 BROAD ST.

NEWARK.

During January and February our Stores close at 6 P. M., except Saturday.

COLYER & CO..

THE NEWARK

CLOTHIERS.

815 and 817 BROAD ST.

THOS. B. ALLEN,

Confectioner

Caterer,

691 Broad St., Newark, N. J. Weddings, Dinners and

Receptions GIVEN SPECIAL ATTENTION. FIRST-CLASS MUSIC FURNISHED.

Ladies' and Gents' Dining Rooms.

tantly on hand.

M. A. GREGORY, Marble and Marbleized Slate

MANTELS

Encaustic and Art Tiling,

Open Fire Place Grates, Etc.

572 Broad St., corner Fulton,

Newark, N. J.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.

\$75,000 WORTH OF

Furniture and Carpets at Cost. SPECIAL SALE

PREVIOUS TO TAKING ACCOUNT OF STOCK

AMOS H. VAN HOBN.

73 Market Street, Newark, N. J

Offers His Immense Stock at the Following Prices.

50c. per yard for 50 pieces Veivet.

50c. per yd. for 50 pieces Tapestry Brussels
65c. per yard for 50 pieces all wool Ingrain

\$35 for Cherry Bedroom Suit, worth \$50. 90c per yard for 50 pieces Body Brussels. \$25 for Cherry Bedroom Suit. \$1.10 per yard for 25 pieces Veivet. \$35 for Cherry Bedroom Suit. PARLOR SUITS.

or Haircloth. \$50.00 per suit for 25 Parlor Suits in Plushes and Raw Silk. \$75 for Parlor Suity, reduced from \$100.

WALNUT BEDROOM SUI'S. \$40 for Walnut Bedroom Suit, marble top, worth \$50.

\$65 for Walnut Bedroom Suit, marble top, worth \$75.

ANTIQUE OAK BEDROOM SUITS. \$30 for Antique Oak Bedroom Suit, worth taries, etc., excels any stock in the city. \$40 for Antique Oak Bedroom Suit, worth

\$50 for Antique Oak Bedroom Suit, worth ASH BEPROOM SUITS.

\$22.50 for Ash Bedroom Suit. \$30 for Ash Bedroom Suit, worth \$40. \$40 for Ash Bedroom Suit, worth \$50. \$60 for Ash Bedroom Suit, worth \$75.

CHERRY BEDROOM SUITS

ENAMELED BEDROOM SUITS

\$30.00 per suit for 50 Parlor Suits in Rep \$15 per suit for 25 Exameled Bedroom Suits to close then out.

MATTRESS & BEDDING DEPT. \$15 will buy a good Hair Mattress, worth \$10 will buy a good Hair Mattress, worth \$6 will buy a good Hair Top Mattress,

\$3 will buy a good Mixed Mattress, worth My stock of Lounges, Marble Top Tables, Hall Stands, Chairs Extension Tables, Writing Desks, Bookcases, Secre-

STOVES AND RANGES. My Stove and Range Department is well stocked with all the latest styles of Parlor

Stoves and Ranges. Gilcloth, Matting, Mats, Rugs, Bed Springs, Windows Shades, etc., in endless variety at extremely low prices.

I will sell these goods at the prices advertised previous to taking account of stock Goods delivered Free of Charge to any part of the State, Credit given.

AMOS H. VAN HORN,

73 Market St.

Artistic Homes

The above house contains: 1st Story, Large Open Hall, Parlor, Dining Room, Library, Kitchen, large Butler'y Pantry and Private Stairs. 2nd Story, 5 Bedrooms, Bath-Room and large Close's. 3rd Story 3 Bedrooms. This design is for first story at he. Can be built for \$5,000. Mantels and stair-Attention is called to plans for houses to cost from \$3.000 to \$4.000. 1-t floor—Hall, Parlor, Dining Room, Library, Rit hen and large Pautry. 2 d floor, Four Bedrooms and lathro m. 3rd floor, Three Bedrooms, CI sets in al. Bedrooms. Rent. from \$550 to \$600. Fifteen built just year in the Oranges and Montclair. (Telephone Ca'l 41, Orange, N. J.

Plans and Specifications furnished for the above design. Designs for Artistic In teriors Furniture and Decorations. Evening appointments made by mail. JOHN E. BAKER, Architect, 738 Broad St., Newark.

NEW CLOTHES WRINGERS

For Sale Cheap.

OLD CLOTHES WRINGERS

REPAIRED at VERY LOW PRICES. COMBINATION ROLL AND RUBBER CO.

Work called for and delivered. BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

many

forth

munic

Earl.

in Mi

speak

Feb.

men's

the W

church

is a w

work;

edge

MARLIN MAGAZINE RIFLE Best in The World For large or small game—32 calibre, 40 grains powder; 38 cal. 55 gr.; 40 cal. 60 gr.; 45 cal. 70 and 85 gr. The strongest shooting rifle made Perfect accuracy guaranteed and the only absolutely after rifle on the martet. Prices BALLARD Gallery, Sporting and Tar-reduced. BALLARD Get Rifles, world renowned. The standard for target shooting, hunting, and shooting galleries. All calibres from 22 to 35. Made in fourteen different styles, prices from \$18,00 up. Send for illustrated estalogue. MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO.,

Two targets made with one of our 2s calibre rifles, twenty sonsecutive shots after fifty shots had already been fired and to cleaning during the entire seventy shots. These guns carry of nearly all the fizes at target matches because they

ESTABLISHED 1848. MARTIN R. DENNIS & CO.,

FOREIGN BANKERS AND

Steamship Agents. 774 Broad Street, Newark, N.J.

Drafts for £1 and upwards, payable in all parts of Great Britain and Ireland.

Money sent to all parts of the world. PASSAGE TICKETS on all lines of 885 Broad St., Newark, N. J. Ocean Steamers at greatly

REDUCED RATES.

Charles Garrabrant, Manufacturer of and Dealer in

Ladies' and Gents' Fine Shoes Fall and Winger Styles now ready. All

grades and prites to suit customers, i Ladies', Gents' and Childrens' Shoes.

Custom Work a Specialty.

6 do to below City Hall.

